A Hue-and-Cry AFTER THE PLOT.

HAlloo the Plot! where i'ſt ith' name of Fate?
Good People! what's become of *Seventy Eight*?
'Twas ſo long ſince, for all this great ado.
There's Hopes, as ſaid th' old Crone, *it may'nt be true.*
Theſe Years *Egyptian Snakes* we well may call,
The've eat the former *Heads*, and *Tails*, and all:
Never before was ſuch an *Hydra found*;
Why't has in vain bin *Burnt*, and *Hanged*, and *Drownd*;
Yet ſtill this *Devil* of a Plot revives;
Cats have but *Nine*, but this has *Nine Cats* Lives.
By great St. *Coleman* firſt it ſaw the light,
But then 'it's ugly ſhape ſo much did fright
The Holy *Fathers*, that without delay,
Th' unlucky *Baſtard* muſt be *made away.*
And ſince to purpoſe they'd the Buſineſs do,
In *Godfreys* Breaſt they *Choakt*, and *Stab'd* it too,
Yet what for a *Deaths-wound* they meant to give,
Like an *Impoſthume* pierſt but made it Live,
Then up it got, but yet unhappy ſtill,
'Twas fairly hang'd with *Bury*, *Green*, and *Hill*,
And then, as ſoon as his old Friends were Dead,
By *Tranſmigration* into *Langhorn* fled.
No wonder if it would not there abide,
'Twas ſtript and *whipt*, and ſadly mortify'd;
Huffy with that, it left the Ill-natur'd Elf
E'ne to be *ſtring'd*, and *gutted* by himſelf.
Then with the *Jeſuits* at the Bar Harangu'd;
Then made *fine Speeches*, and was *finely* Hang'd.
Treaſon as Dogs do *Puddings*, it did ſcorn,
And Dy'd as *Innocent as Child unborn.*

Perk

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Perkt up agen it ſoon took up it's Station,
To comfort *Wakeman* in his *Tribulation*,
Grown Sawcy there it *Guinnys* did not grudg,
Preſto, 10000 li. blew up the Judg,
'Tho' t'was the' unconſcionableſt Dog alive,
In *Fifteen-Thouſand* but to leave him five.
Well *George rubbs off to France*, but *Plots* ſo ſtout
'Twill play at *ſmall Games rather then ſtand out*;
Grown jolly then with *Dr.* baniſht *fears*,
And took a touch or two with brisk *Celliers*,
But frighted leaps from *Meal-Tubb* ſomething ſadder,
A *Dow-baked Embryo* like her BLOODY BLADDER,
Hodg took the *Lump*, and dip't in *Holy-Water*,
Wraps it up warm in *Wool*, *and Obſervator*,
Brings it to *Sams*, where *Crape* with wine *ecſtatick*,
(Who would have thought it,) *Chriſtens* it PHANA-
Plots turned to *Puſs*, will no kind Mortal houſe her? (TICK
See how ſhe's worried by that *Dog-Rogue Towzer*.
A PLOT! the word's a ſpell, the *Crown's* undone,
No Countercharm can ſave's but *Forty one*,
And *Forty eight*, and *Forty one*, and then,
Like *Mill-Horſe* round to *Forty eight* agen,
A PLOT! hence with the Bug-Bear, Srs. for ſhame,
Sly callow *Treaſons* lurk ith' pregnant name,
'Tis *Simons Horſe*; as many *Whigs* are there
As in the Dreadful *Oxford Army* were,
Thus *Roger* yelps, as Children build a *Town*,
Of *Snow* or *Dirt* only to *beat it Down*,
No longer idleing here, poor *Plot* will ſtand,
But means to venture for a *kinder Land*.
Yet there hopeing to find a little reſt
Hee's hang'd becauſe he will not take the TEST,
And after all had made the *Haddocks* bite,
But that the courteous *Gallows claim'd it's right*,
'Twas *Conventickler* next, but loath to looſe
It's life by falls of *Pulpits*, Seats, and Pews,
It Trimmer turn'd, and if you ask for Proof,
Here's *Rogers Ipſe Dixit*, that's enough.
'Tis now *Informer*. If from thence it fall
It can be nothing but——THE DEVIL AND ALL.

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